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THE RATIONAL EXHIBITION

FOR CHILDREN.

London. Printed by Darton and Harvey,
Grace Church Street. 1800.

March 8th

IT was the original intention of the Publishers to have sold this book at the same price as the PRESENTS FOR A LITTLE BOY AND GIRL; *but while the plates were engraving, and before the printing was begun, paper advanced upwards of thirty per cent! and as this volume contains a considerable number of pages more than either of the above books, they can, with the less reluctance, affix*

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THE

RATIONAL EXHIBITION.

GOING a ſhort time ſince to viſit a poor aged woman, I was ſurpriſed to find one ſide of her room covered with printed papers and pictures. She told me they were the collection of her children and grandchildren; who, inſtead of tearing them, had ſuffered them to be paſted againſt the wall; that they not only anſwered the purpoſe of covering the ragged places in the paper hangings, but afforded an opportunity for the children to read, and employed her frequently in giving them an account of many of the ſubjects depicted.

From that, and other places, the following collection was made; and without further ceremony, they are introduced to the notice of the juvenile public.

The firſt paper is by an author ſaid to be unknown; the ſentiments are not the worſe on that account.

By an unknown Hand.

Great God, from thy all-ſeeing eye,
Weak man, in vain, attempts to fly;
Through ſpace immeaſur'd unconfin'd,
Thou hold'ſt thy audit, *mighty mind!*
Nor thought, nor word, nor act can be
Kept ſecret, and conceal'd from thee:
All-active thou inſpir'ſt the whole,
With vivid, univerſal ſoul.

If 'mongſt yon glowing orbs I riſe,
And ruſh into the trackleſs ſkies,
Thy vivifying preſence reigns,
Upon thoſe bright, etherial plains:
Stars learn to ſhine by thy command,
And planets own thy guiding hand;
Propell'd by thy unerring force,
Each moves according to his courſe.

If, drawn by gravitation's law,
I to the conſtant centre go,
Or to the chambers of the tomb,
Shut up in *earth's* dark, ſilent womb,
In hope t'elude thy piercing eye,
And wrapt in ſhade, unnotic'd lie;—
In vain;—though nought to me appear,
'Tis light to *thee*, for *thou* art there.

If, on the pinions of a dove,
Swift through the yielding air I move,
To where the ſun firſt cheers our ſight,
Or where he dips his orb in night,
Or ſeek the regions of the pole,
Where ice-bound ſeas forget to roll;
Yet, ſtill a ſhade I ſeek to gain,
Impervious to thee,—in vain.

Then teach my ſoul that ſpark divine,
Abſurd evaſions to decline;
A portion of thy grace impart,
To mould anew this rebel heart;
Give me that living faith to prove,
That fear diſpels, and "works by love;"
Then within earth, or ſtars among,
Redeeming love ſhall be my ſong.

The firſt print which comes to our view is rather an uncommon repreſentation, and if we had not read a deſcription of it, well atteſted*, we ſhould have concluded it a fable, or that it had been deſigned by the author of an old print, called "The world turned up ſide down." For "*to see a bird eat frogs is no news;—but to see a frog eat a duck is news indeed.*"

* Encyclopædia Britannica.

In the country of Pennſylvania, and ſome other parts of North America, there is a very large ſpecies of frogs, called the *bull-frog*. They have four toes on the fore feet, and five palmated toes behind. Their colour is a duſky brown, mixed with yellowiſh green, and ſpotted with black. The belly is yellowiſh, and faintly ſpotted. Theſe make a roaring noiſe like a bull, only ſomewhat more hoarſe. Their ſize* is ſuperior to that of any other of the genus, and they can ſpring forward three yards at a leap. By this means they will equal in ſpeed a very good horſe, in its ſwifteſt courſe. Their places of abode are ponds, or bogs with ſtagnant water, but they never frequent ſtreams. When many of them are together, they make ſuch a horrid noiſe, that two people, when near to them, cannot underſtand each other's ſpeech. They croak all together, then ſtop for a little, and begin again. It ſeems as if they had a captain among them;

* One of theſe frogs, preſerved in Dr. Lettſom's hall, at Sambrook Houſe, meaſures nearly twelve inches from the fore to the hinder toe.

for when he begins to croak, all the others follow; and when he ſtops, they alſo are ſilent. When this captain gives the ſignal for ſtopping, one hears a noiſe like *poop* coming from him. In the day time they ſeldom make any great noiſe, unleſs the ſky be clouded; but in the night time they may be heard at the diſtance of a mile and a half. When they croak, they are commonly near the ſurface of the water, under the buſhes, and have their heads out of the water. By going ſlowly, therefore, one may get up almoſt quite cloſe to them before they go away. As ſoon as they are quite under water, they think themſelves ſafe, though it be ever ſo ſhallow. Theſe creatures kill and eat young ducklings and goſlings, and ſometimes carry off chickens that come too near the water. When beaten, they cry out almoſt like little children. As ſoon as the air begins to grow a little cool in autumn, they hide themſelves under the mud in the bottom of ſtagnant waters, and lie there torpid during the winter; as ſoon as the weather grows mild, they get out of their

W. Darton & J. Harvey. London March 8th 1800.

holes, and begin to croak. They are reſpected by the people of Virginia, as the purifiers of water.

Some of them were brought to England ſeveral years ago, alive.

The next cut repreſents three blind ſubjects, frequently ſeen in London.

The man carries three live pigeons with him when he walks abroad, they feed out of his hand, and pick up corn or tares from off of his ſhoulders or head. When ſtrangers attempt to touch them, they fly away, but regularly return to their maſter's

head or ſhoulder;—they know his voice, and do not forſake him;—they reſpect the hand which feeds them.

Elizabeth Hawes, who lives at No. 57, Old Street Square, is the young woman at the right hand of the man, well known from the days of her childhood in Moorfields, and Paul's Church Yard; ſhe employs herſelf (though blind) in ſewing pieces of printed linen or cotton together, ſo as to make large counterpanes, &c. To attract the ear, as well as the eye of the paſſenger, ſhe generally chaunts a hymn, the words of which are ſo often interrupted by her attention to the needle work, that it is very difficult to catch their meaning: but as ſhe very frequently uſes the divine name in her ſinging, ſhe is recommended to learn the following verſes.

"Tho' darkneſs ſtill attends me,
It aids internal ſight,
And from ſuch ſcenes defends me,
As bluſh to ſee the light.

No weeping objects grieve me,
No glitt'ring fop offends;
No fawning ſmiles deceive me,
Kind darkneſs me befriends.

W. Darton & J. Harvey. London March 8th 1806.

Then ceaſe your uſeleſs wailings;
I know no reaſon why
Mankind, to their own failings,
Are all as blind as I."

The cleanly appearance, the ſerene and cheerful countenance, of Ann Johnſon, a native of London, who loſt her ſight at the age of fourteen by a fever, very often attracts the notice of the conſiderate paſſenger. She employs herſelf in making laces, in which ſhe is greatly aſſiſted by her teeth. It is really admirable to obſerve how expertly ſhe uſes the bobbins, and with what eaſe and cheerfulneſs ſhe performs the taſk. We would recommend every young laſs to buy their laces of Ann Johnſon;—ſuch great induſtry deſerves encouragement. She ſeems to be a woman of few words, but when once ſpoken to upon the difficulty of ſupporting herſelf by work, ſhe uſed words in effect ſimilar to the following beautiful lines:

"Are not the ravens daily fed by thee?
And wilt thou clothe the lilies, and not me?
Be gone diſtruſt! I ſhall have clothes and bread,
While lilies flouriſh, or the birds are fed."

EVENING.

Altered from DIXON.

The morn is paſt, the noon-tide o'er,
And the declining ſun,
Obedient to *creative* pow'r,
His ſteady courſe has run.

Perhaps no more on earth to riſe,
At leaſt to ſhine *on me*;
The cloſe of night may cloſe theſe eyes,
To all eternity.

Come bleſſed *Spirit*, thou *Great One!*
My languid ſoul inſpire;
Help me to do what muſt be done,
'Ere I to reſt retire.

Reflect, my ſoul, the days and years,
The hours of dark account;
Trifling purſuits, and fruitleſs cares,
To what do they amount?

Ere thou preſume to lay thy head,
On thy ſoft pillow down,
Call the *Almighty* to thine aid,
And thy tranſgreſſions own.

Art thou in peace, in perfect peace?
No guilt of heart or tongue?
Are there no paſſions to repreſs?
Nothing to wiſh undone?

What though to-morrow's dawn behold
This corruptible frame,

Like a pale object ſtiff and cold,
And nothing but a name?

My ſoul enlarg'd may tow'ring fly,
Borne on ſoft Mercy's wing,
Through all the wonders of the ſky,
T'ward heav'n's *Almighty King*.

Th' *Angelic* hoſts for ever pure,
My late return ſhall bleſs;
Nor ſin, nor ſorrow, ever more,
Conſpire againſt my peace.

Then oh! ye lov'd! whom well I knew,
On earth, my joy! my care!
We ſhall again our loves renew,
As laſting as ſincere.

Here, children, attend to this! We have often heard of robberies, but never before of a dog being robbed. What follows, has appeared in moſt of the public prints in London, on the commencement of the year 1800.

A remarkable Attempt to rob a Dog.

The faithful animal, it ſeems, is the property of one *Porſon*, of Church Street, Bethnal Green; who, working at a factory

at Bow, does not return home above once a month, but has for a long time past made a practice of sending his mother half-a-guinea a week by his dog, who always brought the deposit safe in his mouth. Talking lately of the circumstance in a public house, a person was induced to stop the animal one dark night, near his mother's house; when, in making the attempt, he was so much bitten, that it is thought he will lose the use of one of his fingers: and by the interference of one of the neighbours, who knew the dog's errand, he was obliged to relinquish his fraudulent design.

What a good servant this dog was! and many of his kind have been very useful creatures: without a dog what labour the shepherd would endure! Well may it be said, "dogs are faithful creatures;" but they sometimes act wrong from mistake; then *their zeal* becomes dangerous. The bear, which was so fond of his master, that he would have prevented a fly from teazing him as he slept, and in endeavouring to strike it off, bruised his master's face, acted with a good intent; but the effect of the

remedy was worſe than the diſeaſe, and it was not well received.

The preceding print will tend to illuſtrate this ſubject to our little readers. For who can read it, and doubt the good intention of the poor dog? he had been taught, whilſt young, to ſieze the fierceſt bull, at the halloo of his maſter; and when he heard an outcry, he ran with the multitude to aſſiſt. A *quadruped* was purſued, and the poor fellow, unmindful of his own danger, flew to ſtop it, without ever looking whether it was a bull or a horſe! Let us read the account.

"A remarkable inſtance of the ferocious obſtinacy of what is termed the truly-bred bull-dog, was witneſſed at Carliſle, on Saturday laſt:—A horſe belonging to a poor man, a porter, at Stanwix, contrived to get freed from the haltar with which he had been faſtened, in Caſtle Street, and had proceeded ſeveral yards on its way home, before the owner was apprized of its eſcape. Immediately on his diſcovering it, he gave purſuit, and called to the ſurrounding people to aſſiſt him in the re-

covery of his beaſt. A bull-dog alſo taking the alarm, purſued, and ſoon coming up, ſeized the poor animal by the upper lip. The horſe, affrighted, ran violently along Caſtle Street, by the Market-place, through Scotch Street, into Rickergate Street, the dog all the time depending from his lip. Here a crowd collecting prevented its further progreſs, and turned it again up Scotch Street, where it was met by thoſe who had been its purſuers; to elude being caught by whom, and frantic from pain and fear, it ran into the ſhop of Mr. Porter, ironmonger, and thence into the parlour, where the family were at tea. After overturning the table, but without doing any other injury, the unwelcome viſiters were driven back into the ſhop, when every exertion was made in vain by the owner of the horſe, and ſeveral other perſons, to extricate the ſuffering animal from the gripe of its mercileſs tormenter, till one of the company, with a penknife, put a termination to the exiſtence of the ſavage brute, after it had kept its hold, in

W. Darton & J. Harvey, London March 8th 1800.

deſpite of threats and blows, for above half an hour."

Public Ledger, December 25, 1799.

Thus, poor fellow, he loſt his life! Better had it been for him to have been muzzled, or even harneſſed in a baker's cart.

In the print before us we have a repreſentation of two dogs, that belong to a baker at Lewiſham, which, by the help of a boy, draw a very great weight of bread and flour from village to village.

They appear to work willingly, ſeem to be in good health, and wag their tails with cheerful looking faces.—Moderate labour conduces to health and cheerfulneſs both in men and beaſts.

Of the Glow-Worm.

"The light of a glow-worm is ſo ſtrong, that it will ſhow itſelf through ſeveral ſubſtances. The creature ſeems dead in the day time, and its light is not then viſible, even in a dark room, unleſs it be put in motion, and then it appears but faintly. After ſunſet the light begins to return, and with it the life and motion of the animal. Indeed the motion and light ſeem to depend on each other: it never ſhines but when it moves; and when it ſhines moſt, the body is one third longer than in the day time. While it ſhines brighteſt, it ſometimes turns about, and the light is no larger than a pin's head; but on being touched, it immediately extends itſelf, and the light is as large and bright as ever.

"The luminous parts are two ſmall ſpecks under the tail, the uſe of which is to direct the animal in its courſe, and in taking its prey; it is admirably placed for this purpoſe, as the tail is eaſily bent under its belly, and throws its light full upon any object, about or under the head of the animal; and the eyes are placed not on the upper part, but on the under ſide of the head, ſo that they have all the advantages of it, while the light in this part is not offenſive to the eyes, as it naturally would have been, if carried about the head. The creature can upon occaſion cover this light, ſo as not to be known or purſued by its enemies. It is an inſect of the beetle kind, of a brown and duſky colour. It has ſhell wings, as the other beetles have. Its head is covered with a ſort of broad-brimmed hat, under which are the eyes, black and large."

ON SEEING THE FOLLOWING WORDS ON A SUN-DIAL.

"*Be gone about your Business.*"

If attentive ear we lend,
And to Time's ſtill voice attend,
We ſhall truth important learn,
And the work of Time diſcern.

"*Be about your bus'neſs gone,*"
Shun to imitate the drone;
Such as time will idly waſte,
Never can its bleſſings taſte.

Do whate'er thy hand ſhall find,
With all thy might with all thy mind;
Now in works of love abound,
None can in the grave be found.

When from Duty's call I ſhrink,
Silent monitor, I'll think
On thy counſel, truly wiſe,
And at Duty's call ariſe.

CAUTIONS.

"*Take care of your fire and candle.*"

For want of this many perſons have loſt their lives, and many more their property.

"*Use a lanthorn in a shop, warehouse, or stable; and put out a candle with an extinguisher.*"

This is good advice, and if it had always been attended to, we might not have had to relate the following melancholy circumstance.

In the year 1791, whilst the family of a respectable linen draper, near to Aldgate, in the city of London, were at supper with a few friends, the servant boy was sent out on an errand, and he left a candle burning on the counter; it is supposed that the wind, on his shutting the street door, had blown a piece of drapery, which hung up in the shop, towards the candle, which caught fire;—this communicated to other pieces of drapery, and on the lad's returning, the whole shop appeared in flames! The servants, who were in the kitchen below stairs, found great difficulty in forcing their way through the flames in the shop to the street door.

The family in the dining-room above, could not get down stairs; and they, with

their viſiters, made their eſcape out of the window, ſeveral of whom were much hurt.

The maſter of the houſe attempted to fetch his little children down ſtairs, but was prevented by the rapidity of the flames, and the quantity of ſmoke which filled the houſe; he was therefore obliged to make his eſcape out of a back window, into a court, and in the fall one of his legs was broken.

The poor infants loſt their lives in the flames, notwithſtanding many efforts were uſed by the neighbours and paſſengers to

ſave them by means of long ladders, raiſed againſt the houſe for the purpoſe.

The fright and affliction occaſioned the mother of the ſuffering infants a ſevere fit of illneſs, but her life was preſerved.

"*Never sit up in bed to read by candle light.*"

How many have had to repent of this practice, is not in my power to tell; but the preceding cut deſcribes the dangerous ſituation of a young man, who ſat up very late by night to read in his bed.

At one time being overcome with ſleep, he nodded, and after ſome time was ſurpriſed at ſeeing an uncommon light in the room; he looked about him to ſee where it could come from, and was alarmed to find that the light moved, until at length he found his hair beginning to burn, and then he diſcovered that his cotton *night-cap* was all in flames; it was with ſome difficulty he extinguiſhed it without ſetting fire to the bed furniture.

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THIS is a view of a *barber's-shop*, when every barber was a ſurgeon; ſuch as the poet GAY deſcribes.

His pole*, with pewter baſons hung,
With rotten teeth in order ſtrung,
And cups, that in the window ſtood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his three-fold trade explain,
Who *ſhav'd*, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

In addition to this, they made wigs. At length the more ſkilful in ſurgery forſook the barber's trade, and obtained an act of

* The barber's pole repreſents the ſtaff uſually put into the hands of thoſe who are bled, and of the bandage with which the arm is bound.

parliament to become a company corporate, independent of the *Ancient company of Barber Surgeons.* In Pruſſia, every barber is ſtill obliged to be a ſurgeon, and every ſurgeon muſt ſhave, when called upon to do it. The men of Turkey think it a ſhame to be without a beard,—and ſo do many of the Jews*. Peter the *Great*, Czar of Ruſſia, taxed the beards of his ſubjects, (the prieſts and peaſants excepted). Many troubles aroſe to the ſtate on this account, and the razor and ſciſſors were forcibly uſed.—Whilſt an Engliſh ſhip lay at Botany-Bay, one of the natives came in his canoe to the ſide of the veſſel, and by ſigns requeſted to be ſhaved; the men who were left on board the ſhip had neither ſoap nor razor; yet being deſirous

* Hanun, the ſon of Nahaſh, miſtaking for ſpies the men which David had ſent to comfort him, cauſed them to be "half ſhaved, ſo that the men were greatly aſhamed;" many lives were loſt in the war which enſued on this occaſion, for David ſlew "the men of ſeven hundred chariots, and forty thouſand horſemen; *ſee* 2 *Sam. chap.* x." Thoſe men had their coats cut off in the middle, which was to them a diſgrace; not ſo with the men of the preſent day, they eſteem it as a faſhionable cuſtom.

of *obliging* the ſtranger, one of them ſoftened his beard with *mud*, and ſhaved it as well as he could with a penknife! Painful as this operation was, the ſame man returned about ten days after to have it repeated.

Out of a religious principle*, the Tartars waged a long and bloody war with the Perſians, merely becauſe they would not cut their whiſkers after the rite of Tartary. The Greeks wore their beards till the time of Alexander the Great; that prince ordered the Macedonians to be ſhaved, leaſt it ſhould give a *handle* to their enemies.

Chryſoſtom obſerves that the kings of Perſia had their beards wove or matted together with gold thread; and ſome of the firſt kings of France had their beards knotted and buttoned with gold.

* Among eccleſiaſtics the diſcipline is varied much; ſometimes they were enjoined to wear them, and again forbid it, as imagining pride to lurk beneath a venerable beard. The Greek and Roman clergy have quarrelled much about their beards; the Romans choſe to ſhave,—the Greeks eſpouſed the cauſe of long beards, and were much diſpleaſed at the beardleſs images of Romiſh ſaints. *Pliny* tells us, that when the Romans began to ſhave, *Ticinius* brought a ſtock of barbers from Sicily.

At Pekin, in China, *Street Barbers* are very numerous; they carry, as it were, their ſhops at their backs, conſiſting of a chair, a ſmall ſtove, and the implements of their trade. As they travel, they make a loud *snap*, with a pair of large iron tweezers, to announce their approach. As few or none of the natives ſhave themſelves, it is a lucrative employ.

The art of drawing teeth has of late years been greatly improved on, and many perſons now practiſe the *Dentist's* art alone. A pair of blackſmith's pincers

were formerly uſed, and then "*Teeth drawn by a touch**" was never thought of, as appears by an old poem.

* It is really admirable with what eaſe the operation is generally performed by dentiſts; and we are acquainted with a young man, both deaf and dumb, who does it very expeditiouſly. We have heard tell of a man who applied to a dentiſt in London to have a troubleſome tooth drawn, which was quickly performed, and he aſked "what was to pay?" "One ſhilling only," was the anſwer; "A ſhilling!" ſaid he, "and had ſo little trouble! Why a man in the country had to drag me over his ſhop for about half an hour before he could get the tooth out, and for *all that* he charged me only ſixpence."

An old dame to the blackſmith went,
For her laſt tooth gave her pain;
Quoth he, "this tooth I ſoon can draw,
"And by it ſome credit gain."

So he the pincers took in hand,
And pull'd with might and main;
But theſe ſlipp'd off, we underſtand,
Which much increas'd the pain.

This made the doctor turn about,
And ſigh in doleful dumps;
"If I can't get a whole tooth out,
"What muſt I do with ſtumps?"

A Letter from a little Boy.

DEAR PARENTS,

I ARRIVED ſafe at my uncle's yeſterday morning, and found the family well; I wiſh I could ſay ſo now: couſin John is very ill; he has had a narrow eſcape for his life, on which account my uncle and aunt are much indiſpoſed.

Yeſterday after dinner we walked to a farm houſe, near to the ſide of the River Thames, intending to regale ourſelves with ſome warm milk. We were ſcarcely got to the farm houſe, when John propoſed to

us to go into a little boat, which was floating by the river bank. Eliza and George refuſed, ſaying that their parents had forbidden them. "Pſhaw! they'll know nothing of it," ſaid John. "But brother," ſaid George, "we never ought to do any thing our parents ſhould not know." "Very well," ſaid John, "then I may go and take a run into the meadow, for it is no pleaſure to me to be here." Away he ran, and as we thought, with no other deſign than to run into the mead; but, inſtead of going there, he no ſooner ſaw us enter the farm houſe, than he went into the boat. About a quarter of an hour after this, we heard one cry out for help; we ran after the farmer and his ſon to the place; but what was our ſurprize, when we ſaw the boat overturned, and John underneath the water, alternately riſing and calling for help, then ſinking again. The farmer's ſon firſt jumped into the water, and was juſt in time to take hold of John's coat as he was ſinking, but he had not ſufficient ſtrength to bring him out of the water; the farmer then plunged in and

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brought them both out: but John was without ſenſe or motion. Eliza cried moſt pitiouſly. As for me, I was ſo alarmed, that I could not ſpeak. George, aſſiſted by the farmer's ſon, carried John into the houſe.

The neighbours came to give aſſiſtance, and two of them uſed the means recommended by the HUMANE SOCIETY of London, for recovering thoſe apparently dead; having received inſtructions from Dr. Hawes for that purpoſe. George endeavoured to compoſe his ſiſter; and when ſhe had a little recovered from the fright,

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"I will go back to my parents," ſaid he, "to prevent their being abruptly told of this accident."

I admired theſe precautions: but I am at a loſs to deſcribe the agitations of his parents, when they heard his recital. My aunt fainted; my uncle, after giving her the neceſſary aſſiſtance, came running to his ſon: in ſpite of all his firmneſs, he could not refrain from ſhedding tears. How well does a kind father love his children! He forgets their faults in a time of danger. After much pains John was

brought to himſelf; he has been puniſhed for his diſobedience, for he was at the point of looſing his life; and he has been pained at being the cauſe of endangering the health of his parents. Children ſhould be obedient. Adieu my dear parents, give my love to all my acquaintance, and believe me, with great affection, &c."

The Dolphin.

"'Squire Colſtone, formerly an eminent merchant in Briſtol, is deſervedly famous for his very great and extenſive charities. Providence ſeemed to ſmile in an unuſual degree on that generous man, who ſo faithfully diſpoſed of his abundance. One of his ſhips, homeward-bound, ſtruck upon a rock, and immediately ſprung a leak, by which ſo much water was admitted, as juſtly to alarm the crew. But in a little time the leak ſtopped, and the ſhip reached Briſtol in perfect ſafety. On examination, a fiſh, ſaid to be a dolphin, was found faſt wedged by the fracture made in her bottom. In memory of this ſingular interpoſition of

"How ſwiftly Harry rides,
And how his playmates ſtare,
To ſee him go ſo faſt,
Upon a wooden chair."

"Merton now looked about him with a triumphant air, and maintained his ſeat with great firmneſs and addreſs. Unfortunately, however, at no great diſtance was a large horſe-pond, which gradually ſhelved to the depth of three or four feet.

"The affrighted Cæſar, by a kind of natural inſtinct, ran thither in hopes of getting rid of his tormentor: while Merton, who began not much to like his ſituation, ſtrove in vain to ſtay his ſteed. Cæſar, without paying any regard to his driver, ruſhed into the pond, and drew the carriage and driver into the middle of it. The boys who were ſpectators, now received freſh cauſe of diverſion; they laughed and ſhouted aloud. This unmannerly behaviour vexed Merton much; but his misfortunes were not ended. Cæſar, in making a ſudden turn, overſet the car, and threw the little rider into the water. As there was much mud in the pond, he got up with ſome difficulty; but ſuch was

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his appearance, that the whole troop of ſpectators broke forth into peals of laughter; this irritated him to a violent degree, ſo that he fell upon the boys with great fury, and put them all to flight. This noiſe brought his preceptor to the door, who could hardly help laughing at the ſorrowful muddy figure of his pupil.

"After relating what had paſt, his preceptor adviſed him to undreſs and go to bed: he carried him a little warm wine to drink, and thus this affair ended, without any further bad conſequences."

Providence, the figure of a dolphin is carved upon the ſtaves, which are carried in proceſſion by the perſons who were educated at the ſchools founded by him."

The Escape.

A large maſtiff dog, kept by a timber merchant, to guard the yard, was in general chained by day, and looſe at night. A boy in the neighbourhood took an ill-natured pleaſure in throwing ſtones at, and by other means vexing the dog, which, as might be expected, took a diſlike to the boy, and ſhewed it by many an angry growl. It happened one day, that the dog was looſe and ranging about the yard, when he ſaw the boy enter; immediately he attacked him with great fury. The boy now felt the conſequence of his ill uſage to the dog, and repented that he had given way to ſo unkind a diſpoſition; but his efforts and repentance ſeemed to him to be too late: for the enraged animal ſeized him by the throat, and in all probability had quickly

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put an end to his life, had not a young woman entered the yard.

This lass, who loved to exercise benevolence to all around her, had been good-natured and kind to the dog, and was of course beloved by him. She ran to help the boy; but finding her strength was not sufficient to draw off the dog by his collar, she thrust her hand into the dog's mouth! The dog, all furious as he was, when he felt the hand of his friend, let go his hold: and by continued exertions, she kept the dog quiet, and the boy escaped.

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This repreſents the ſituation of a man in the water, near Briſtol.

"As the ferry-boat was paſſing over the river to Briſtol hot wells, one of the paſſengers, an aged man, by ſome accident fell into the water, nearly in the middle of the ſtream; but having a baſket of live poultry on his arm, he was thereby buoyed up till taken into a fiſhing ſmack, after having been carried by the current above a hundred yards from the ferry-boat."

A particular account of a ſhipwreck is given in the voyages of John Cornelius, who

ſailed from the Texel River in Holland, in May, 1646, and in June arrived in the neighbourhood of Spitſbergen, when diſcovering two whales in the offing, he ſent his ſloop well manned in purſuit of them.

While they were rowing up and down, watching the whales, they diſcovered a large piece of ice ſhoal floating at a diſtance, with ſomething white upon it, which they ſuppoſed to be bears: but the harpooner, inſiſting it was ſomething elſe, and that it was in motion, perſuaded them to row up to it; when, on a nearer view, they perceived it to be a *signal of diſtress* waved by a man.

This induced them to approach it as faſt as they could, and there, to their great ſurprize, they found four living men, and one dead. By their language, they knew them to be Engliſhmen; they took them into the ſloop, and conveyed them on board their ſhip in the bay. They were reduced to the laſt extremity by cold and hunger, having had nothing to feed upon for ſome time but *a leather belt*, which they had equally divided and eaten up.

The Dutchmen took great care of them,

notwithſtanding which, three of them died in five or ſix days. The fourth only ſurvived, who was carried to the Delft on the Meuſe, from whence he came home to England, 1646.

The account he gave was, that their veſſel being wrecked on an ice ſhoal, the crew, conſiſting of forty-two men, took refuge upon it, with ſome tools; victuals, and their ſloop; that they cut a deep hole in the ice like *a cave*, blocking round the mouth with ſuch pieces as they dug out, to ſhelter them from the violence of the winds and waves; in this hole they had been fourteen days, when the commander reſolved with ſeventeen men to make the land in the ſloop, intending to return for more of their comrades, but they never heard more of them.

The twenty-four who remained, reſolved to ſeparate and quarter on different ſhoals, in hopes that they might be driven to land; but what became of them was never known. It is moſt likely that they were ſwallowed up by the ocean; for John Cornelius ordered his ſloop upon a cruize in ſearch of the ſurvivors, but without any ſucceſs.

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Well may it be ſaid, "Many are the dangers of the ſeas," for very remarkable was the preſervation of a veſſel on the coaſt of Newfoundland,

The ſhip was freighted with live cattle, but, in a dreadful ſtorm, was diſmaſted and became a mere wreck; the crew were unable to manage her: the commander, whoſe name was Drummond, had the preſence of mind to faſten a rope round the horns of ſome bullocks, and turn them into the ſea; who making for the land, they towed the ſhip to the ſhore, and ſaved the lives of the crew.

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This is an unuſual aſſembly; the drawing for which, was taken from an anecdote in Bewick's Hiſtory of Birds.

"A gentleman had two pee-wits given to him, which he put into a garden, where one of them ſoon died; the other continued to pick up ſuch food as the place afforded, till winter deprived it of its uſual ſupply: neceſſity ſoon compelled it to draw nearer the houſe, by which it gradually became familiarized.

"At length one of the ſervants, when ſhe had occaſion to go into the back-kitchen with a light, obſerved that the lapwing

always uttered the cry *pee-wit*, to gain admittance. He ſoon grew more familiar; as the winter advanced, he drew towards the kitchen, but with much caution, as that part of the houſe was generally occupied by a dog and a cat, whoſe friendſhip the lapwing at length conciliated ſo entirely, that it was his regular cuſtom to reſort to the fire ſide as ſoon as it grew dark, ſitting cloſe by them, and partaking of the comforts of a warm fire ſide. When ſpring appeared he left off coming to the houſe, and betook himſelf to the garden; but on the approach of winter, he had recourſe to his old ſhelter and his old friends, who received him very cordially. Security was productive of inſolence; what was obtained by caution, was afterwards taken without reſerve: he frequently amuſed himſelf with waſhing in the bowl which was ſet for the dog to drink out of, and while he was thus employed, he ſhewed marks of the greateſt indignation, if either dog or cat interrupted him. He died in the aſylum he had choſen, being choaked with ſomething he had picked up from the floor."

Pliny the younger and his family being at a town near to *Mount Vesuvius*, in Italy, which at different periods burſts out into flames, and diſcharges great quantities of burning cinders to a conſiderable diſtance: one of theſe terrible eruptions happening, the inhabitants of the town where Pliny was then ſituated, ſought their ſafety in flight. The aged mother of Pliny was with him, and, more anxious for her ſafety than for his own, he reſolved not to leave her, though ſhe entreated him to flee from thoſe dangers which ſhe imagined it impoſſible for her to eſcape, becauſe of her great age and infirmity; but a little delay might expoſe him alſo to deſtruction. Her entreaties were in vain; for her ſon preferred the chance of dying with his mother, to forſaking her when in diſtreſs. At length ſhe yielded to the tenderneſs of her ſon, though ſhe was fearful of retarding his flight. The cinders from the burning mountains fell upon them, and the vapours and ſmoke, which obſcured the air, changed the day into the darkneſs of

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night, in which the light of flames only ſerved to direct their ſteps.

The cries of the diſtreſſed, which they heard around them, made the darkneſs morē terrible. But Pliny's care for his mother's life ſupported his reſolution, and made him capable of great efforts: he carried her in his arms, ſuſtaining and comforting her; till, by favour of Providence, they had arrived at a place ſafe from the dangers of the falling cinders. Thus were the affectionate mother and dutiful ſon preſerved to each other.

The drawing for this print was made from the hiſtory of Sandford and Merton.

"MERTON had heard an account in what manner the dogs of Kamtſchatka drew their ſledges, and he determined to make an experiment of that nature. Being one day perfectly diſengaged from buſineſs, he furniſhed himſelf with ſome rope and a kitchen chair, which he intended to make uſe of inſtead of a ſledge. He then coaxed Cæſar, his father's large dog, into a yard behind the houſe, placed the chair flat on the ground, and faſtened the dog

to it with great care, and no ſmall ſhare of ingenuity. Cæſar, however, did not underſtand being harneſſed, and was ignorant of the part he was to act. At laſt Merton mounted his ſeat triumphantly, and began his career.

"A number of the neighbouring little boys gathered round the young gentleman, which made him the more anxious to diſtinguiſh himſelf: he began by making uſe of thoſe expreſſions to his dog which he had heard coachmen apply to their horſes, and ſmacked his whip with great conſequence. Cæſar, who had not been uſed to this kind of language, grew rather impatient, and ſhewed his diſlike to his preſent ſituation, by endeavouring to get rid of his harneſs. This drew on Merton the laugh of the ſpectators, which made him more eager to perform his exploit; after trying many experiments with his ſteed, and being a little angry with him, he applied a pretty ſevere laſh to his hinder parts. Cæſar was very angry at this, and inſtantly ſet off at full ſpeed, dragging the chair, with the driver upon it, at a great rate.

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The Beau and Bedlamite.

A patient in Bedlam that did pretty well,
Was permitted ſometimes to go out of his cell:
One day, when they gave him that freedom, he ſpy'd,
A beauiſh young ſpark with a ſword by his ſide;
With a huge ſilver hilt, and a ſcabbard for ſteel,
That ſwung a due length, from his hip to his heel.

When he ſaw him advance on the gallery ground,
The bedlamite ran and ſurvey'd him all round;
While a keeper ſuppreſs'd the young captain's alarm,
With "*You need not to fear, ſir, he'll do you no harm.*"
At the laſt he broke out, "Aye, a very fine ſhow!
May I aſk him one queſtion?"—"What's that?" ſaid the beau.

"Pray what is that long dangling cumberſome thing,
That you ſeem to be ty'd to with ribband and ſtring?"
"Why, that is my ſword;"—"And what is it to do?"
"Kill my enemies, ſurely, by running them through:"
"Kill your enemies! ſure that's a thought I'd not own;
They'll die of themſelves if you'll let them alone.".

Animal Adoption.

"At the ſeat of J. Spurling, Eſq. at Dynes' Hall, in Eſſex, a favourite ſpaniel bitch, remarkable as a hare finder, having her puppies drowned, went out one morning into the plantations, and ſoon after returned with a young *leveret*, about a week old, in her mouth, to which ſhe gave ſuck, and has continued ſo to do for more than ten days."

Upon reading the foregoing, we were reminded of a cat at Colcheſter, which had loſt her kittens, and in their ſtead ſhe nouriſhed a young rat; they ate out of the ſame plate, and ſlept in the ſame baſket;

even at the time ſhe had a freſh litter of kittens. This cat continued to deſtroy all other rats and mice which came in her way, though ſhe never moleſted her favourite. The rat became at laſt ſo familiar and troubleſome to the family, that the maſter of the houſe ordered it to be deſtroyed.

The dumb Boy's Preſence of Mind.

In the winter of the year 1739, when an intenſe froſt had covered the River Liffey, in Ireland, with ſuch thick ice, that tents were erected upon it, in which trade was carried on, and fires kindled for dreſſing victuals; many, attracted by the novelty of the ſight, crowded upon the river, eſpecially to ſee a ſhip of war which was frozen in. One of thoſe ſpectators happening to tread upon a part where the ice had been broke, and which was ſlightly frozen over again, ſuddenly went down: as he ſunk, he caught hold of the edge of the ice with the fingers of both hands! Hanging in that precarious ſituation, ſhrieks and cries echoed from all ſides, but no one of the

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crowd ventured to go for the man's relief, fearing that the ice would give way near to the edge of the hole, or that the man might not be able to keep the hold, on which his life depended.

A *dumb boy* on board the ſhip ſaw his diſtreſs, and being favoured with admirable preſence of mind, ſnatched up an oar, and advancing towards the ſpot, ſlid it acroſs the hole, both ends reſting a conſiderable way upon the ice; it had a firm hold, and proved the ſafety of venturing to the aſſiſtance of the ſufferer, who graſping the oar, was ſoon helped out of his extremity.

This is an old print, but on a ſubject worthy the conſideration of every perſon, becauſe the account of the good Samaritan teaches that love, which every Chriſtian ought to have for the whole human race. A doctor of the Moſaic law aſked Jeſus, by way of enſnaring him, "which was the great commandment of the law?" To which he anſwered, "love God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourſelf." The doctor then aſked, "who is our neighbour?" Jeſus replied:

"A certain man went down from Jeruſalem to Jerico, and fell among thieves,

who ſtripped him of his raiment, wounded him, and left him half dead. A prieſt happened to ſee him in this diſtreſs, but paſſed by, without endeavouring to give, or to procure him any relief. A Levite did the ſame, and left us an example, that great virtues are not inherent in thoſe of high ſtation; and that one may have both learning and dignities, and want that charity, which is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a Chriſtian.

At laſt there came a Samaritan, who was a Pagan and an idolater; but ſeeing that ſame poor Jew, was moved with compaſſion, went up to him, bound up his wounds, poured oil and wine into them, ſet him upon his beaſt, carried him to an inn, took care of him, gave him money, and gave him in charge to the innkeeper, with a promiſe to pay him all his expences, ſhould he ſpend more before he came back. Now, ſays Jeſus to the doctor, I will aſk you, "which of theſe three men was the neighbour of this poor man that fell among thieves?" The doctor anſwered, "he who had compaſſion on him." Therefore, ſaid

Chriſt, "go thou and do the ſame." And in this we are commanded to be always ready to ſuccour thoſe whom we ſee in miſery, and to ſpare neither trouble nor expence, within our abilities, when any object of charity preſents itſelf for our relief: for every man is neighbour to his fellow-creature, and we are commanded to "love our neighbour as ourſelves."

A Fragment.

A fox cloſely purſued by ſome dogs, took ſhelter under a bramble. Rejoicing in this aſylum, he for a while lay very ſnug: but found that if he attempted to ſtir, he was wounded by thorns and prickles. However, making a virtue of neceſſity, he forbore to complain, reflecting, that good and evil are mixed, and often flow from the ſame fountain. Theſe briars, indeed, ſaid he, will tear my ſkin, but they preſerve my life from danger: for the ſake then of the good, let me bear the evil with patience.

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The Husbandman.

Ye pamper'd great, who proudly ride
In gilded coaches, as ye glide
  Along the crowded ſtreet;
Scorn not the man who tills the fields,
Who reaps the fruits which autumn yields,
  That rich and poor may eat.

Tho' Fortune adverſe, for his home
Has rais'd in ſtate no ſplendid dome,
  Nor ſpread upon his board
Delicious dainties—and his name,
Unblazon'd in the rolls of Fame,
  Is loſt among the crowd.

Yet calm content, around his head,
Will ſtill her genial influence ſhed:
  He envies not your lot!

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When day declining, night returns,
And on his hearth one faggot burns,
He haſtens to his cot.

His infants ſportive round the fire,
In liſping accents greet their ſire;
(While each alike's his care)
With wanton gamb'lings ſtrive to pleaſe
And eager climb his honour'd knees,
The envied kiſs to ſhare.

The greeting o'er—to reſt he goes;
Ambition breaks not his repoſe,
Nor robs his ſoul of reſt;
For envy, hate, corroding care,
The dire effects of fell deſpair,
Are ſtrangers to his breaſt.

Can all your wealth—can all your pow'r—
(Thoſe glitt'ring playthings of an hour,)
Bring happineſs like this?

Can pompous titles and eſtates,
The fleeting gifts of blinded fates,
Be reckon'd equal bliſs?

No!—hence ye vain deluſive toys,
Ye poor fantaſtic ſhort-liv'd joys!
Give me a conſcience pure;
Give me a mind content, ſerene;
No cloud of guilt to intervene,
My joys will ſtill endure.

On the Death of a favourite Cat.

Genius of Gray*, direct my pen,
That, to the utmoſt of my ken,
I may the praiſe reſound
Of *Tom*, who late a victim fell
To dire diſeaſe, and, ſad to tell,
Lies bury'd under ground.

Tom was, of all the tabby kind,
The moſt demure, the moſt inclin'd
To fondle and embrace:
He, on one's knee, would ſit and play,
And pur applauſe the live-long day,
No ſorrow in his face.

An enemy to none but mice,
He would not let them have a ſlice
Of *bacon* or of *bread*;
He watch'd them cloſe by night and day,
Drove each nocturnal thief away,
And made him hide his head.

* A poet famous for writing elegies.

When little Johnny ſtrok'd his back,
He had a moſt engaging knack,
Of whirling round his tail;
The children lov'd him far and near,
And when he dy'd, each dropp'd a tear;—
Good-nature will prevail.

And, be it mention'd to his praiſe,
Ere I conclude theſe mournful lays,—
His honeſty was ſuch,
Tho' beef and pudding in galore,
Were left on table, him before,
He never would them touch.

If qualities like theſe could ſave
A *cat* from an untimely grave,
Tom had not dy'd ſo ſoon;
But *virtue* in a *man* or *beaſt*,
Will not, alas! avail the leaſt,
T'obtain ſo *large* a boon.

Let not the cynic knit his brow,
Becauſe my muſe deſcends ſo low,
To praiſe a ſimple *cat*;
But let him learn to imitate
Whate'er in *Tom* was good or great,
And be content with that.

Of what diſeaſe poor *Tom* died, our author does not mention: we hope he was not poiſoned by thoſe duſtmen of London and Weſtminſter, who make a trade of *cat skins*; but rather conclude, that, as he had done as well as he could, when living, his death was eaſy, and his end natural.

This was not the caſe with a cat in the country, who was fond of roving abroad: in one of her evening journies ſhe met with part of a roaſted gooſe in a trap which had been ſet to catch a fox; no ſooner had ſhe begun to eat, than off went the ſpring; down ran the weight, and up went puſs; ſo ſhe hung by the neck till ſhe was dead.

Now had this cat but ſtay'd at home,
And ſlept by the fire ſide,
She might have liv'd for days to come,
And not ſo ſoon have dy'd.

The Fault amended.

A little boy who had diſcovered a bird's neſt in a thicket, felt a miſtaken joy at finding ſuch a prize, and hurried away with it: as he walked towards home he met his ſiſter, who upon ſeeing the neſt, remarked to him how curiouſly it was formed: moſs, hair, and wool were combined together, and theſe were lined with feathers, by the induſtrious and tender parents, (to provide for the warmth and ſafety of their young,) ſurpaſſing the art of many little boys, to frame a ſimilar neſt. There had

the anxious mother ſat, for many an hour brooding over her eggs, before her warmth called the little creatures into life. Now, the reward of her care was ſnatched from her; and who can deſcribe her diſtreſs when ſhe returned to feed her helpleſs charge, and ſpread her ſheltering wings over them! How would ſhe complain, in a plaintive ſong, of the injuſtice of mankind; who ſhould protect, and not deſtroy inferior animals!

Whilſt the boy beheld the neſt and neſtlings, and heard theſe reflections, his heart was touched;—he yielded to the ſweet impulſe of humanity.—He turned about:—his ſteps were pleaſant, for he was going to amend his faults:—he replaced the neſt in the beſt manner he could where he had found it, and taſted more ſatisfaction from this act, than any amuſement ſullied with oppreſſion or injuſtice could beſtow.

By continuing to give way to tender feelings, his heart became ſenſible to the beſt impreſſions; he grew to be a man reſpected for his virtue, and was beloved for his benevolence: the kind father of a large fa-

mily, whom he inſtructed to love their Creator, and to ſhew it by exerciſing goodneſs to all the creation.

All covet, all lose.

A certain farmer, having a choice apple tree in his orchard, made an annual preſent to his landlord of the fruit that grew on it. The landlord was ſo fond of the apples, that nothing would ſerve him but to have the tree tranſplanted into his own garden. The tree upon the removal withered and died.

The Boys in Danger.

We are indebted to a very ingenious draftſman for our next print*, and if the republiſhing of it ſhould be the mean of keeping but one little boy, in all England,

* T. Bewick, of Newcaſtle, engraver of ſome of the moſt ingenious wood cuts that the age has produced.

ſafe from harm, we conclude that it will give him equal pleaſure with ourſelves.

It appears, that either from neceſſity or idleneſs, the carman had ſtopped to drink, when five children got up into the cart; by ſome means the horſe took fright and run away! One little boy fell out; whether he lived or not we never were told; and the other four ſcreamed moſt frightfully; which, with the barking of the dogs, made the horſe go the faſter. In vain the man called whoa, whoa, whilſt the affrighted woman ran to ſave the children in danger.

Daniel in the Lions Den.

The great ſervices that Daniel had done to King Nebuchadnezzar, recommended him to Darius, who honoured him with the inſpection of the conduct of all the governors of his provinces. This mark of royal favour ſubjected him to envy, and raiſed him up very powerful enemies, who were determined to undermine him, and to glut their malice with his death. With this view they perſuaded the king to iſſue a decree, forbidding any perſon to pray to any one excepting himſelf, for the ſpace of thirty days. The king liſtened to their perſua-

ſions, and the decree was made public. The authors of this unjuſt law watched Daniel, and having found him frequently praying to God, informed the king of it. Darius now perceived his weakneſs, and ſtrove all he could to prevent Daniel from falling a ſacrifice to the malice of his enemies. But he ſtrove in vain; and his reluctance to put his law into execution, was repreſented as a violation of the conſtitution of his kingdom. Obliged to condemn Daniel to the lions den, the puniſhment for violating his decree, he committed him to the protection of God, in whom he truſted, and the mouth of the den was cloſed upon him, and ſealed with his own ſeal. The king paſſed a very uneaſy night, and as ſoon as he aroſe the next morning went to the den, and called Daniel twice. Nothing can expreſs the joy which the king ſhowed on hearing Daniel anſwer him. He was immediately drawn up, and relating the manner in which he had been preſerved from thoſe raging animals, convinced the king of the mercy and power of the Almighty. The king, enraged againſt the

enemies of Daniel, as a recompence for their wickedneſs, they were caſt into the ſame den, into which Daniel had been caſt by their inſtigations, and as ſoon as they came within the reach of the lions, were ſeized by them, and torn into pieces.

Conjugal Affection.

At Haerlem, in Holland, the inhabitants ſhow to ſtrangers viſiting that city the ruins of an old caſtle, which underwent a long ſiege, at which the aſſailants were greatly enraged, promiſing to ſpare only the women in the place. The wife of the governor requeſting permiſſion to bring out as much as ſhe could carry on her back, without being moleſted, was anſwered in the affirmative: when, to the ſurprize of the beſiegers, ſhe brought out her huſband, and by this ſtratagem ſaved his life.

This behaviour was very commendable, and deſerving of imitation. Hiſtory affords us many examples of ſimilar acts of kindneſs in wives for their huſbands.

W.m Darton & Jo.s Harvey. London Dec.r 1. 1799

Though many of the fair ſex have often deſerved commendation, we have heard of ſome who have miſplaced their affections on animals, giving up their time and property for their ſupport, whilſt many helpleſs children and diſeaſed parents were neglected.—The next print repreſents the ſituation of a doctor of phyſic, who was ſent for to viſit a lady of this deſcription; who, on attempting to ſit down, had nearly killed a cat, which jumped up into the chair at the ſame time: in going out of the way of puſs, a parrot bit his leg, whilſt a mon-

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key on the chimney piece pulled off his wig.

Monkeys do better in their native woods, than when kept in houſes; and it is to be feared that many ſervants have been blamed for the miſchief done to china and glaſſes by favourite animals.

Some perſons have carried their love of dogs and cats to ſuch an extreme, as to have fowls or rabbits dreſſed on purpoſe for them to feed on; whilſt the poor wife and children of an abſent ſoldier or ſailor have been ſent from their door without being relieved.

From Southey's Letters in Spain, &c.

"When I firſt found myſelf in a land of ſtrangers, where converſation preſented nothing to me but confuſed ſounds, I was frequently tempted to blame the builders of Babel. The very dogs could not underſtand Engliſh; if I ſaid *poor fellow*, the four legged Spaniard growled at me; if I whiſtled, even that was a foreign language, and I was obliged to addreſs the cat in Spaniſh; for *Miz* knew not the meaning of *Puss*. I can now converſe with cats and dogs, always my favourite companions; for I love the honeſty of the one, and the independence of the other.

"Among the many vices of civilized ſociety, there is none that tends more to generate miſanthropical feelings, than that of cruelty to animals. In general they are as badly treated in Spain and Portugal, as in England; but the mode of butchering them is leſs barbarous*.

"I will relate to you a circumſtance which occurred at Abo, in Finland. You

* The ſpinal marrow is pierced with a ſmall knife between two of the vertebræ of the neck, and of courſe the beaſt falls immediately.

will admire the deſpotic juſtice of the magiſtrate. A dog who had been run over by a carriage, crawled to the door of a tanner in that town; the man's ſon, a boy of fifteen years of age, firſt ſtoned, and then poured a veſſel of boiling water on the miſerable animal. This act of cruelty was witneſſed by one of the magiſtrates, who thought ſuch barbarity deſerved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed the other magiſtrates, who all agreed in condemning the boy to this puniſhment:—he was impriſoned till the following market day; then, in the preſence of all the people, he was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of juſtice, who read to him his ſentence: "Inhuman young man! becauſe you did not aſſiſt an animal who implored your aſſiſtance by its cries, and who derives being from the ſame God who gave you life; becauſe you added to the tortures of the agonizing beaſt, and murdered it, the council of this city have ſentenced you to wear on your breaſt the name you deſerve, and to receive fifty ſtripes." He then hung a black board round his neck,

with this inſcription; "*A ſavage and inhuman young man!*" and after giving him twenty-five ſtripes, he proceeded, "Inhuman young man! you have now felt a very ſmall degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpleſs animal in its hour of death! as you wiſh for mercy from that God who created all that live, learn humanity for the future." He then executed the remainder of the ſentence. This ſtory was tranſlated from a work written in the Portugueſe language, by the worthy Count Leopold Berchtold.

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